Come hether friend, tell me what more thou knoweſt.

Exit.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of *France* is ſo ſuddenly gone backe,
Know you the reaſon?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate, which ſince his comming foorth is thought of, which imports to the Kingdom, ſo much feare and danger that his perſonall returne was moſt required and neceſſary.

Kent. Who hath he left behinde him, Generall?

Gent. The Marſhall of *France*, Mounſieur *la Far*.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queene to any demonſtration of griefe?

Gent. I ſay ſhe tooke them, read them in my preſence,
And now and then an ample teare trild downe
Her delicate cheeke, it ſeemd ſhe was a Queene ore her paſſion,
Who moſt rebell-like, ſought to be King ore her.

Kent. O then it moued her.

Gent. Not to a rage, patience and ſorrow ſtreme,
Who ſhould expreſſe her goodlieſt, you haue ſeene
Sun-ſhine and raine at once, her ſmiles and teares,
Were like a better way, thoſe happy ſmilets
That plaid on her ripe lip, ſeeme not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes, which parted thence
As pearles from Diamonds dropt; in briefe,
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt beloued,
If all could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verball queſtion?

Gent. Faith once or twice ſhe heau'd the name of father
Pantingly foorth, as if it preſt her heart,
Cried ſiſters, ſiſters, ſhame of Ladies ſiſters;
Kent. Father, ſiſters, what ith ſtorme ith night?
Let pitty not be beleeu'd, there ſhe ſhooke
The holy water from her heauenly eyes,
And clamour moiſtened her, then away ſhe ſtarted,
To deale with griefe alone.

Kent, It is the ſtars, the ſtars aboue vs gouern our conditions,

Elſe

Elſe one ſelfe mate and mate co
Such different iſſues; you ſpok

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the Ki

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent. Well ſir, the poore diſt
Who ſometime in his better tu
What we are come about, and
daughter.

Gent. Why good ſir?

Kent. A ſoueraigne ſhame ſo
That ſtript her from his bened
To forraine caſualties, gaue he
To his dog-hearted daughters
So venomouſly, that burning

Gent. Alacke poore Gentlem

Kent. Of *Albanies* and *Cornw*

Gent. Tis ſo they are afoote.

Kent. Well ſir, ile bring you
And leaue you to attend him,
VVill in concealement wrap
VVhen I am knowne aright yo
Lending me this acquaintance

Enter Cordelia, D

Cor. Alacke tis he, why he w
As mad as the vent ſea, ſinging
Crownd with ranke femiter a
VVith hor-docks, hemlocke,
Darnell and all the idle weeds
In our ſuſtaining, Corne, a cen
Search euery acre in the high
And bring him to our eye, wh
In the reſtoring his bereaued
Take all my outward worth.

Doct. There is meanes Mada
Our foſter nurſe of nature is r

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